

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. V.

WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1896.

No. 2.

THE ACADIAN

Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:
\$1.00 Per Annum
(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00

Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices. Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out. Neat communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolffville, N. S.

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POST OFFICE, WOLFFVILLE

Office hours, 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 a. m.
Express west close at 10:35 a. m.
Express east close at 5:20 p. m.
Kentville close at 7:35 p. m.
Close, V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon.
A. DEW. BARRS, Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 9:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. and Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Wilson, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

S. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolffville. Divine Worship will be held (D. V.) in the above Church as follows:—
Sunday, Mattins and Sermon at 11 a. m.
Evening and Sermon at 7 p. m.
Wed. Evening and Sermon at 7:30 p. m.
Sunday-school commences every 3rd day morning at 9:30. Choir practice on Wednesday evenings after Divine Worship.

THE HALL, HORTON—Divine Worship will be conducted in the above Hall as follows:—
Sunday, Evening and sermon at 2 p. m.
Sunday, Evensong and sermon at 4 p. m.
Robert W. Huddell,
(Divinity Student of King's College).

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11:00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M. meets at the Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m.
J. H. DAVISON, Secretary.

Oddfellows.

"ORPHEUS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock p. m.

Temperance.

WOLFFVILLE DIVISION N. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:00 o'clock.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH
THE FINEST STYLES OF TYPE

JOB PRINTING

Every Description
DONE WITH
NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND
PUNCTUALITY.

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of
WOLFFVILLE.

The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carrriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

BISHOP, B. G.—Painter, and dealer in Paints and Painter's Supplies.

BROWN, F. L. & CO.—Dealers in Groceries, Crockery, and Glassware.

BROWN, J. L.—Practical Horse-shoer and Farrier.

CAUDWELL & MURRAY—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent, Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

GODFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch-Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

MCINTYRE, A.—Boot and Shoe Maker.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

PATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness, Opposite People's Bank.

PIAT, R.—Fine Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, and Fancy Goods.

REDDEN, A. C. CO.—Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

WOOD, A. B.—Manufacturer of all styles of light and heavy Carriages and Sleighs. Painting and Repairing a specialty.

DAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Cycle Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobaccoist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, and News-dealers.

WITTER, BURPEE—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

WILSON, JAS.—Is still in Wolffville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

Owing to the hurry in getting up this Directory, no doubt some names have been left off. Names so omitted will be added from time to time. Persons wishing their names placed on the above list will please call.

CARDS.

JOHN W. WALLACE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.
Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.
WOLFFVILLE, N. S.

B. Q. BISHOP,
House, Sign and Decorative
PAINTER.
English Paint Block & Specialty.
WOLFFVILLE, N. S.
P. O. BOX 30. Sept. 19th 1894

J. WESTON
Merchant Tailor,
WOLFFVILLE, N. S.

J. B. DAVISON, J. P.
CONVEYANCER,
FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE
AGENT,
WOLFFVILLE, N. S.

LIGHT BRAHMAS!
Matched for best results. Young
Birds for sale until March 15th—Eggs
after March 1st. Address
DR. BARSS,
Wolffville, 28th Feb., '95.

BOX OF GOLDEN NOVELTIES,
12 fast-selling articles, and 12
magic water pens, all by return of mail
for 25c, or nine 3-c stamps. Package of
fast-selling articles to agents for 3c. and
this slip. A. W. Kinney, Yarmouth, N. S.

Select Poetry.

A Marmion Mother.

BY FRANCES J. DYER.

Into a Mormon household,
Where one wife's loving away
Over the heart of her husband,
Made sunshine all the day—

Came the sweetest expectation
That can thrill a woman's life—
The blessed pain of the mother,
To crown the joy of the wife.

A sign of the holy longing
Crept over the girlish face,
Touching its every feature,
With a rare and heavenly grace.

But a serpent was creeping, creeping,
Ready with deadly fangs,
To sting the soul of the mother
With worse than child-birth pangs.

For the lecherous faith of the Mormon
Was wrapping, in poisonous fold,
The heart she had trusted fully,
And counted as pure as gold.

Dumb with the dread suspicion,
Which ripens to awful truth,
The speechless, pent-up anguish
Steals from her face its youth.

Not even a Nible's solace
Of weeping herself to stone,
Is granted this stricken Mormon,
Whose white lips make no moan.

The fountain of tears is frozen,
And strangely and its eyes,
And the winter of woe soon whitens
The gold on the girlish head.

At length came her hour of travail,
And the wan lips faintly smiled,
Her innocent from heaven, so precious,
Her innocent little child.

But strangely old its visage,
And strangely and its eyes,
Beneath those beautiful fringes
A shadow of suffering lies.

While ever, and ever, and ever,
Tears silently fall o'er their hair;
Upraising the father's desertion,
Pleading for love from him.

The mother bends over the cradle,
To watch her babe as it sleeps,
But even in infantile slumbers,
The little one constantly weeps.

Not with moaning or outcry,
But gentle as summer rain,
Trickles, sleeping or waking,
Those pitiful drops of rain!

The unshed tears of the mother,
Frozen for weary weeks,
Now flow through the eyes of her baby
And furrow its pallid cheeks!

Till its life is dissolved in weeping,
And the soul of the mother is torn
With a second travail of sorrow,
When her child to the grave is borne.

O mothers! with babes in your bosoms,
O maidens! whose lives are a song,
How long will ye suffer your sisters
To faint beneath this burden of wrong?

—Good Cheer.

Interesting Story.

A Touch of Nature.

She stopped a little, and the few locks
visible beneath the deep bonnet could
hardly be called less than half-gray.

A faded sheet covered her narrow
shoulders, and this, with a calico dress
even more faded, completed her humble
attire.

Her steps were slow, but not hesitating,
and judging altogether from her outward
appearance, one would scarcely
conclude her aged outline was due
to years. Still there was about her a
weird look, that caught the eye of Jim
Carroll, and held it.

We may say, and without fear of
contradiction from anyone who knew
him, that in all Missouri there were
few larger-hearted men than this same
Jim Carroll. But it was also true
that in all that region there were not
many who could be less charitable to
their enemies, or, when injured, longer
hold resentment.

Carroll was a single man. He looked
young for his years, for although he
was but four years short of fifty, one
would hardly take him to be forty.

He had fought bravely during the
war, and was a bitter politician after
the service. After leaving the army,
he had divided his time about equally
between locating long lines of railroad
in the far West, and shorter ones near
or home.

Just now he was on his way to a
preliminary survey, which he, with
others, was making near by. His
assistants had preceded him a few rods,
and he was hurrying to overtake them,
when the woman took his attention.

The spot he was passing, and in
which she stood, was a small enclosed
opening in the pines, which served the
purpose of a country burying-ground.

Perhaps two dozen graves were in it,
some neglected, some with bright flowers
profusely growing above them, while
others—a few only—were marked with
stones. These were all "a humble
pattern, and near one of the plainest
was the woman.

The grave by which she stood, and
which she had just passed, was a long one,
moss-grown, and till very recently
neglected. Close beside it
was a little grave, and just beyond it
another, not so small as the second,
nor nearly so large as the first.

The woman had evidently been there
some time, for little handfuls of weeds
were lying between the graves and
along the path near them. Besides, a
small handful of bright wild flowers
lay evenly along on the centre of
each.

Just now she seemed busy rolling
two common stones to the heads of the
unmarked graves. One she had al-
ready placed in position, or nearly so,
and was now working at the other,
which was apparently too heavy for her.

When Carroll saw this, he at once laid
down his transit, and stepped up to the
fence.

"Can I help you any, Madam?" he
asked, putting his hands on the top
rail.

The woman started as he spoke, and
turned a half-frightened face towards
him.

"I thought maybe I could help you
with the stone," he continued. "I am
sorry if I startled you."

"Excuse me, sir," she replied. "I
thought I was alone, but if you can
help me, I shall be greatly obliged,
though I would not wish to trouble
you."

"Nothing could give me more pleasure,
Madam," and with this the
warm-hearted man came up to the
grave, and with ease tipped the stone
on one edge at the head of it.

"What are you going to do with
those?" he asked, pointing to some
smaller ones, evidently taken freshly
out of the ground. This he asked
partly from a desire to further assist
her, and partly from an undefined
something that made him wish to know
more of the humble graves and their
mourners.

"Thank you, sir, but if I hasten, I
think I shall have time. I wished to
lay them along the grass, so if I never
come again, 'twill show the plainer
where they are. Perhaps 'twill do no
harm, sir, but it seems hard to have
them stepped upon."

"If your time is short, allow me to
help you, please. I shall be only too
glad," and without waiting further,
Carroll picked up an old basket and
hastened to bring the stones to the
graves. In a short time he had them
all there, and together they laid them
along the sides of the little graves, and
at the foot of them.

At first the woman seemed not a little
embarrassed at the stranger's presence,
but as he kindly assisted her
with the stone and sod, a brighter look
came into the inexpressibly sad face,
and she spoke freely to him of the
past.

Just now Carroll for the first time
noticed the writing on the stone. As
he did so, a change came over his face,
and his lips shut tightly.

"In Memory of Walter Raymond,"
it ran, "who fell at Shiloh, April 6th,
1862."

Beneath was a simple inscription,
which showed that he and Carroll had
fought under opposite flags.

"It was a long time ago," the woman
ventured to remark, as she saw
him making out the figures, "though
when I came here this morning, it
seemed but yesterday."

"Then this is your husband's
grave?" said, Carroll, not so much
with the wish to know more as to keep
back the bitter recollections over which
he had so little control.

"Yes, sir, this is my husband's grave,"
she replied; and pointing to the smaller
ones, "and these are my children's."

"Are all your family here, then?"
continued Carroll, his heart touched
once more, now the unpleasant surprise
was over.

"No, sir, not all; there is one left
We had but two when he went away—
a girl and a boy—a fine boy. The
baby he never saw, but he wrote often
to me, and always of coming back to
see it."

"Was it long before the battle that
you heard him last?" asked Carroll,
still struggling with his feelings.

"Oh, no; the very night before Shiloh
he sent a long, hopeful letter—
'twas so good!" and—then it was the
last. Somehow, I feared it was the
last—he spoke so often of the baby—and—
and—so tenderly of—me."

Carroll did not look up. He was
stepped down again, and was busy with
the sods and stone.

"'Twas in that letter," she continued,
after a little, "that he first seemed
to fear how his life would end. Some-
how it seemed he could not end that
letter; but finally, in one corner away
along the side, he spoke of the names
we talked of for the baby, and then—
there was—'Good-by.'"

Her voice faltered here, but the
trembling hands kept on placing the
stones.

"War is cruel, madam—too cruel,"
Carroll could not help saying, as the
sad story brought all that terrible past
before him. "It must have been very
hard for you then, and none to help
you."

"Oh, yes, sir; and then it came—
what I had dreaded from the time he
left. To be sure, they did not tell me
how badly he was shot, but oh, I
knew! and I left the children with a
neighbor and started for the camp.
When I came into the hospital tent he
was saying, 'Helen! Helen!' and I
thought he knew me, but he didn't.
He had been saying it all along, they
told me. Well, the doctor could do no
more, they said, and so they left me
with him. All that long night I held
his hands, so white and cold, and I
thought of the little ones, and of the
empty home there, and—but I cannot
tell you! Somehow it all came back,
every little thing he and ever done for
me."

"It all seemed so plain—I could see
him doing up the chores at the barn
again, and then coming up the path
with the pails in one hand and leading
little Walter with the other. When
he came through the woodshed and into
the kitchen, I could hear his steps so
plain, and the door open and shut—
just the same rattle in the latch."

"Oh, I thought I should die! And
when I cried out to him they told me
I must go away if I made a noise. So
I kept still, thoughtless my heart
would burst."

"Well, along towards morning, as I
sat looking at his pale face, all at once
he opened his eyes and smiled, just as
he used to. Then his lips moved, and
I could just hear him say—

"Yes, I have come; I always told
you I would come back. Now, where
is the baby, Helen?" Then I held my
ear close to his lips for a long time, and
when I looked again, he lay so still!"

Carroll could not see the stone he
was trying to place; still he kept his
head bowed, and worked on as well as
he could.

"Well, I brought him home," she
continued, "and when they laid him in
our little front room it did seem as
though the children would wake him,
but of course it couldn't be, and we
laid him here. And that winter we
brought the baby here and laid it be-
side him. I was so tired then I wanted
to hug the poor little thing up to
me, and lie down there with them.
But it wouldn't do; there were two
left, and they must be fed. So I did
the best I could for them till—oh, it
don't seem so long! No, but then it
is; yes, it is seven years ago to-morrow
since we brought little Walter here.
He was such a little man—so like his
father!"

Here the wrinkled hands stopped
laying stones, and when Carroll looked
up, one was holding the worn handker-
chief under the old bonnet, while the
other pressed hard against the poor
palpitating heart.

"Well, my dear woman," he made
out to say, "your lot has been a hard
one, and I am sorry for you, indeed I
am. May I ask if you live near here
now?"

"Not now, sir," she answered, as
soon as she was able to proceed. "I
nurse some in the city. I could ill
afford the time or money to come here
now, but I so longed to, and lately I
thought so much about them, I had to
come. Oh, sir, I had to come!"

"Then you came here this morning
to see it?"

"Yes, sir; on the four o'clock train."
"So early, and do I understand you
leave soon?"

"I promised to be back on the next
train."

"It seems a pity," said Carroll, with
feeling, "that you should be denied even
the privilege of visiting the graves of
your family."

"Yes, sir; still I have much to be
thankful for. It is a great pleasure to
be able to come here for a few hours
even, to look on them, and fix them up
a little. Then there is my daughter,
away out in California; she is married
now, and just getting a nice little home,
she wrote me. So some day, though I
can barely pay my way just now, I
hope, by saving all I can, to see her
again."

As Carroll looked at the frail form,
he wondered how she could hope even
to pay her way much longer.

"Pardon me, he said, after thinking
a moment. "May I ask if you have
much laid by for such a purpose?"

"Oh, not much; I don't know ex-
actly how much. You see, I am un-
able to work long at a time. I hoped to
have twenty dollars left when I got
back, but let me see; the fare was a
little more than I expected, and then
the coffee. I did not intend to get
that, but somehow as I got nearer I
felt faint-like—and—well, that cost me
a quarter. Still it helped me—helped
me a good deal. Well, let me see,"
she said again, and pulling out the old
silk handkerchief, she untied from one
corner a few small bills and some
change. Slowly she counted each piece,
and laid it carefully by itself.

"Yes, that's all. I did think it was
a dollar or so more, but that certainly
is all—twelve dollars and sixty-five
cents. Well, I don't know; perhaps I
never shall go, but it helps me to think
I may, some time."

"How much do you think it would
cost you?" asked Carroll.

"Oh, I don't know. I never dared
to ask for fear 'twas a good deal.
Sometimes I have thought, perhaps
sixty dollars. Do you think 'twould
cost much more?"

Carroll asked her the exact station
she would leave, and the one to which
she would go. Then he thought a
little, and looked up. The faded
eyes were so expectant, so mixed with
a far off hope for happiness, that he
could not find courage to say one hun-
dred dollars. She watched him closely
for a few seconds; then, as though
half-afraid to speak, asked if it would
be very much more.

"Well, I will tell you," said Carroll,
reluctantly. "I find first-class fares
with good meals all the way—that
makes it a little larger, of course—will
cost you about one hundred dollars."

The flat bosom raised quickly, as he
spoke, and as it sank slowly back, a
resigned but inexpressible sad look
took the place of the hopeful one. Be-
fore she could speak, Carroll went
on—

"Now, I will run it up again on the
cheaper plan."

He turned around a little, and
again opened his book. Two bills were
there, his last month's pay, just one
hundred and fifty dollars.

Why shouldn't he? He had never
given much to anything. Many a man
gave that amount to a church or mi-
nister, and thought little of it. He
hesitated but an instant, then tearing
a leaf from the book, wrote—

"This money I shall never miss. Take
it and go to your daughter. Please
do not ask me to take it back, for ever
try to pay it. I can sympathize with you,
for I, too, have watched by the dying.
The very morning your husband fell at
Shiloh, my only brother was shot there,
under the other flag."

"Yours in sympathy,
"JAMES CARROLL."

Into this he put the money, and
rolled it carefully.

"Here are the figures," he said,
turning to her, "all down plain so you
can make no mistake. It will cost you
much less, I find, than we first sup-
posed. Please do not take time to
look them over till you are on the
train."

"Thank you, sir. 'Twill be a sort
of comfort to know just what it will
cost, though since you spoke, I fear I
shall never go."

"But perhaps you may. Sometimes
things are in store for us that we least
expect. I shall have to go now. Good-
by, a 'God bless you.'"

As he passed the edge of the trees,
Carroll could not resist the temptation
to look back.

She stood as he left her, looking
down at the smallest grave. After
that she put the paper away carefully,
and walked slowly around the graves,
one